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THE  
LONDON THEATRES.

Price One Shilling.

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LONDON THEATRES.





THE  
LONDON  
THEATRES;  
A POEM.

---

Interspersed with  
Sentiments of Vity on the Fair Unfortunate :  
AND FREE REFLECTIONS ON  
THE LOBBY LOUNGER, THE ORANGE WOMAN,  
THE PLACE KEEPER,  
AND OTHER NUISANCES WHICH DEGRADE A  
LONDON THEATRE.

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BY  
THOMAS BELLAMY.

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LONDON :

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,  
AND SOLD AT  
THE MONTHLY MIRROR OFFICE, No. 12, KING-STREET,  
COVENT-GARDEN.

1795.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

THE  
LONDON  
THEATRES:  
A POEM.

WITH  
A HISTORY OF THE THEATRE IN LONDON

AND THE COLLECTION OF  
THE LOBBY LOUNGER, THE ORANGE WOMAN,  
THE PLACER, &c.



PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

THE BRITISH STAGE was at no time more rich in *private worth* than at the present moment:—and however it may have fallen off in *professional excellence*, the candid and unprejudiced must acknowledge, that, there are yet left some ornaments to embellish its choicest scenes:—ornaments that will not be forgotten till time shall have dropped its curtain over the race by whom they were remembered.

The author freely confesses, that where there is so much *merit* to dwell upon, he has occupied an inconsiderable space indeed, on the score of *blame*; aware that,

‘TEN CENSURE ILL, FOR ONE WHO ACTS AMISS.’



The British Stage was at no time more rich  
in private scenes than at the present moment:—and  
however it may have fallen off in professional ex-  
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The author freely confesses that where there is  
so much matter to dwell upon, he has occupied an  
inconsiderable space indeed; on the score of omis-  
sions that

"TEN CENSURE ME, FOR ONE WHO ACTS AMISS."



**M<sup>RS</sup> SIDDONS**

*And what bold Parasites officious Tongue  
Shall dare to tax Calista's Name with Guilt.*

*London Publ<sup>d</sup>. May 27. 1783 by T. Macklin N<sup>o</sup> 39 Fleet Street.*

The last ten years have been a period of  
great change in the world. The  
war has been a great tragedy, and  
the peace has been a great triumph.  
The world has been a great stage,  
and the people have been the actors.  
The world has been a great book,  
and the people have been the readers.

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*London 'tub', May 27. 1783 by T. Macklin. N. 39 Fleet Street.*





THE  
LONDON THEATRES.

---

IN all the solemn state of pictur'd woe,  
See, in the depth of yonder nodding grove,  
The fav'rite daughter of the weeping muse,  
The matchless SIDDONS!

The paly radiance of the silver moon  
Darts thro' the whisp'ring trees, by Autumn thinn'd,  
As its chill winds precede sad Winter's reign,  
And streaks the lonely path thro' which she glides.

How dear to sentiment, how dear to thought,  
Are the just accents flowing from her tongue!  
The marking changes pictur'd in her face!  
The varying movements of her finished form,  
Replete with all that dignity can give.—  
Ah! heard you not the agonizing shriek,  
That winds in thrilling echo through the gloom,  
O'er which with fullen sound the thunder rolls?

'Tis the *lone wail* which she *alone* can pour,  
When hopeless misery splits the mad'ning brain,  
When torture rends the lacerated heart,  
When its swell'd chords are bursting from their hold,  
'Ere the whelm'd soul,—(the cup of anguish drain'd)  
Quits with convulsive throbs the trembling frame.

And who like thee, O SIDDONS! can pourtray  
The force of sorrow acting on that frame,



Display the sudden start,—soul-thrilling look?  
 With skill unerring!—dear to Nature's self,  
 Dear to the muse, who, pensive o'er her urn,  
 In thee her darling, and her boast beholds,  
 The nameless richness of departed worth,  
 Again reviv'd to dignify the stage,  
 When fancied woe presides, and thou art Queen!

There long remain to pour the matchless lay  
 Of that great dramatist, whose living scenes  
 Were form'd on Nature's plan, and graced by thee.

When drooping genius mourn'd, and few indeed  
 Were left for sad Melpomene to own,  
 A Siddons rose, and all her rites restored.

Then Tragedy! on Drury's ancient boards,  
 Engag'd the public mind, and then we view'd,  
 A Pritchard's dignity; a Cibber's fire;  
 A Yates's nerve, when injur'd majesty  
 Indignant grasp'd the dagger or the bowl!  
 Just e're the curtain loosened from its stay,  
 Dropp'd o'er the pictur'd corse, and clos'd the scene.

With pensive gaze, and heart arresting sigh,  
 With murm'ring accent soft, and woe-begone,  
 The modest KEMBLE meets her just applause.

Hark! the loud roar, and now the sable train,  
 Pursue with dreadful yell---the man of trade,  
 The buyer of his race, to chains condemn'd,  
 And all the direful ills, which wait the *slave*!  
 He seeks the cavern, and, yet trembling, views



*Wm. Sturt delin.*

*Chasman sculp.*

*Mr. Kemble.*  
*(The last likeness ever taken.)*

*India Proof 7.*









M<sup>RS</sup> MATTOCKS

*Pub<sup>d</sup> by Verner & Hood 31. Foultry . June 1. 1800.*



The ebon maid.—The faithful Yarico,  
 Asleep with sacred innocence and peace !  
 She wakes ! she looks ! she loves ! and to her heart  
 Clasps th' ingrate who meditates her ruin ;  
 E'en in the hour in which she saves his life ;  
 And saves it at the hazard of her own !—  
 The tale is known to all : Simplicity  
 Has plac'd its stamp on *Yarico* ! the stage,  
 Receives her—Colman's classic pen  
 Has raised the interesting scene, to last  
 Till time and nature close, and ALL IS STILL.  
 Ah Kemble, could it last, with powers like thine,  
 To raise the poet's theme, and reach the heart ;---  
 How vain the wish ! but never may the muse,  
 Who pays this honest tribute to thy worth,  
 Behold another Yarico ;---to thee,  
 To thee alone, the fable heroine clings,  
 And has not yet—nor e'er will, own thy peer.

---

---

With aspect penetrating, strong and bold,  
 (A well tried stager, to Thalia dear)  
 Behold Ma'am MATTOCKS, still alert and gay,  
 In vulgar epilogues the lady shines ;  
 In snip snap chat, to her the palm resign,  
 Ye chambermaids, and all ye lowly herd,  
 Who bolster up the scene which needs your aid.  
 —Time was, "but that's no matter," when in song  
 The fair one, with her help-mate, took the lead,  
 The Patty and Rosetta of her day.



Those tuneful hours are gone—and goodman Time,  
Has long pursu'd his journey since their close.  
—The rising race will now small credence give,  
When, from their elders, they are gravely told,  
That *Billington*, by MATTOCKS was outdone.

---

Sportive JORDAN, in thy smiles,  
Love exhibits all its wiles:  
Sprightly humour, native ease,  
Such as thine must ever please.  
Arch thy glance, bewitching fair;  
Wildly floats thy graceful hair;  
A child more favour'd, more *alone*,  
Euphrosyne shall never own.  
Still charm as erst in all thy varied parts;  
Still reign, deserving nymph, the queen of hearts;  
For public merit private worth combine,  
To form th' unfading wreath so truly thine.

---

With lively air, impressive face,  
A form of symmetry and grace;  
With all that speaks, (and praise apart)  
That speaks a good and gentle heart,—  
We hail thee, FARREN; winning maid,—  
In Nature's ornaments array'd.  
When time-mark'd Abington retir'd,  
You gave what Teazle then requir'd.  
You fill'd, and sweetly *look'd* the part,  
And won Thalia's beating heart,

Act 2

ARTHUR & EMELINE.

Scene 1<sup>st</sup>



Stothard ad viv del

Hasth Sculp

Miss Farren in the Character of Emeline

This face is neither mine nor thine.

Published 21 Nov. 1786 by W. Lowndes.







*Act IV.*      **THE HYPOCRITE.**      *Scene 1.*



*Ryder ad vivam del.*

*Hall sculp.*

*M<sup>rs</sup>. ABINGTON in the Character of CHARLOTTE.*

*How! Two Thousand Pounds!*

Published May 16<sup>th</sup> 1786. by W. Lowndes.





Till then, fair nymph, the sisters twain  
By turns, had held her in their train;  
By turns, their higher scenes was grac'd,  
By turns their Farren they embrac'd.

---

With pigmy form and ebon eye,  
Dark brown BLAND, as gipsy fly,  
Trips it as she *flirts* along,  
Yielding but to few in song:  
O scandal, what an errand jade!  
Would all thy sayings were unsaid,  
That so our Bland might still be gay,  
And green-room *gossip* die away.

---

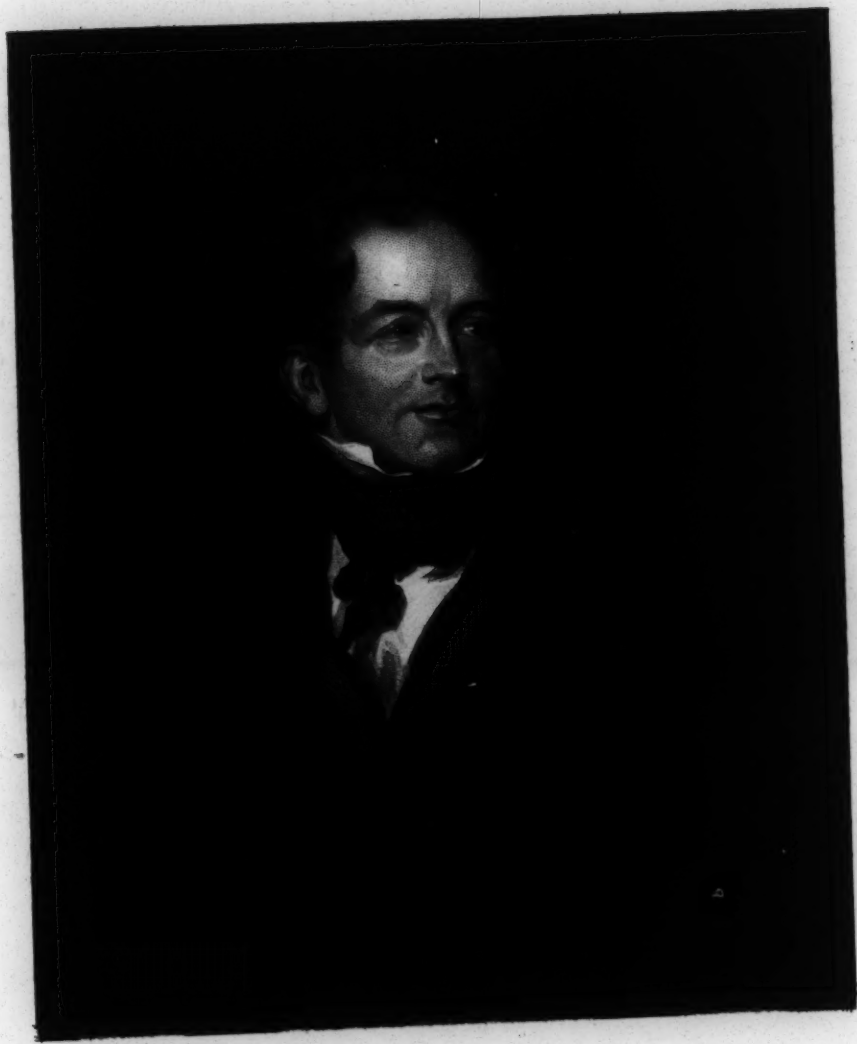
The sprightly FONTENELLE just seen and gone,  
Now roams an alien to her native land,  
To gain in other realms the meed of praise;  
Nor shall it be denied---Her private worth,  
Her merit in a walk beyond her years,  
Her filial duty, and her guileless heart,  
Shall gain a just renown---denied her here.

---

The halcyon days, when Garrick ruled the state,  
Of ancient Drury are remember'd still,  
With fond regret, nor shall his fair renown  
Be left unsung, or said till time shall call  
The tongue to silence, by fair memory charg'd,  
And lay the head he silver'd in its grave.  
Hail to thee, bard of Avon's silver stream,  
Nature and thee were one! when thou wert born!

The goddless, smiling, watch'd thy infant mind,  
And led thee to the verge of Fancy's realms,  
Who fondly view'd thy all-creating hand  
Enrich the scenes of imitative life ;  
While every scene supporting her fair cause  
Induc'd the crowd to venerate the name  
Of heaven-born virtue !  
Names honour'd, names lamented, thine shall live,  
All tow'ring Shakspeare, till old Time is check'd  
In his long course, from age to age pursued ;  
Check'd by the power who all his works shall end,  
And bid his ample pinions *wave no more*.  
But Garrick, thine, as years may roll away,  
Shall less and less be prais'd, as less and less  
The mortal race become who own'd thy worth,  
In Lear, in Richard, Benedick, and Brute.  
Thine may be lost, or e'er the shrine be rais'd,  
So long expected, and too long delay'd,  
To bear it from a Bacon's tasteful hand.  
When Garrick died *indeed*, a Shakspeare's muse,  
Remain'd unhonour'd till our KEMBLE came,  
And in a Denmark's prince, revived her fame !  
Nor Denmark's prince alone ! stern Richard next,  
Call'd for the loud acclaim, and next Macbeth  
Engag'd the penetrating eye of taste,  
While nature, witness of the perfect worth,  
Sigh'd for a Garrick gone—for ever gone ;  
But, smiling, own'd a Kemble still remain'd,  
“ To give the world assurance of a man,”





*Thomas Moore.*







*De Fesch Delin.*

*J. Basire Sculp.*

*MR. KING.*

*In the Character of LORD OGLEBY, in the  
Clandestine Marriage .*

*Published by Jefferys & Faden the Corner of S.<sup>t</sup> Martins La. Charing Cross;  
as the Act directs 1 May 1773.*





Born to support, and raise the bard's renown !

—*And raise the bards renown ?*—Nay starts not  
muse !

—AND RAISE THE BARDS RENOWN ?—re'echoes  
FAME.

As her loud trump on CORIOLANUS dwells.

---

In thy domestic tale of scenic woe,  
Thy *gamester*, heart arresting Moore, we view,  
Judicious AICKIN, full of sense and truth,  
In faithful *Jarvis*, warm the honest heart,  
That beats as nature prompts where'er she turns,  
To place her stamp on Fiction's pensive strain.

Let Fairfield, and a train of characters,  
Where plain and honest manners are the mark,  
Proclaim an Aickin's worth, who looks, who feels,  
The sentiment he utters ; and exalts  
The theme, with lively interest fraught, with *moral*  
crown'd !

A *British* audit'ry shall ever own,  
Such are the pillars of a *British* stage.  
Who to the duties mark'd in honour's scale,  
On the great scene of life, with nicer ken,  
Observes their bearing, consequence, and end ?  
—Above disguise he treads the forward path ;  
And “ men esteem him rightly.”

---

KING still unequall'd in the limping lord,  
Yclep'd Lord Ogleby, will ne'er be seen

Too often, where his talents shine confess'd,  
As here they do, unrivall'd yet; and pure.  
In Teazle next, where whim and feeling meet,  
In strange conjunction meet, he stands alone.---  
In Brads, and others like him, let me still  
Behold my favourite *King*; and but the space  
Forbids enlargement, I could fondly dwell  
On all that sterling worth by critics priz'd:  
Critics who honour, not *disgrace* the name.

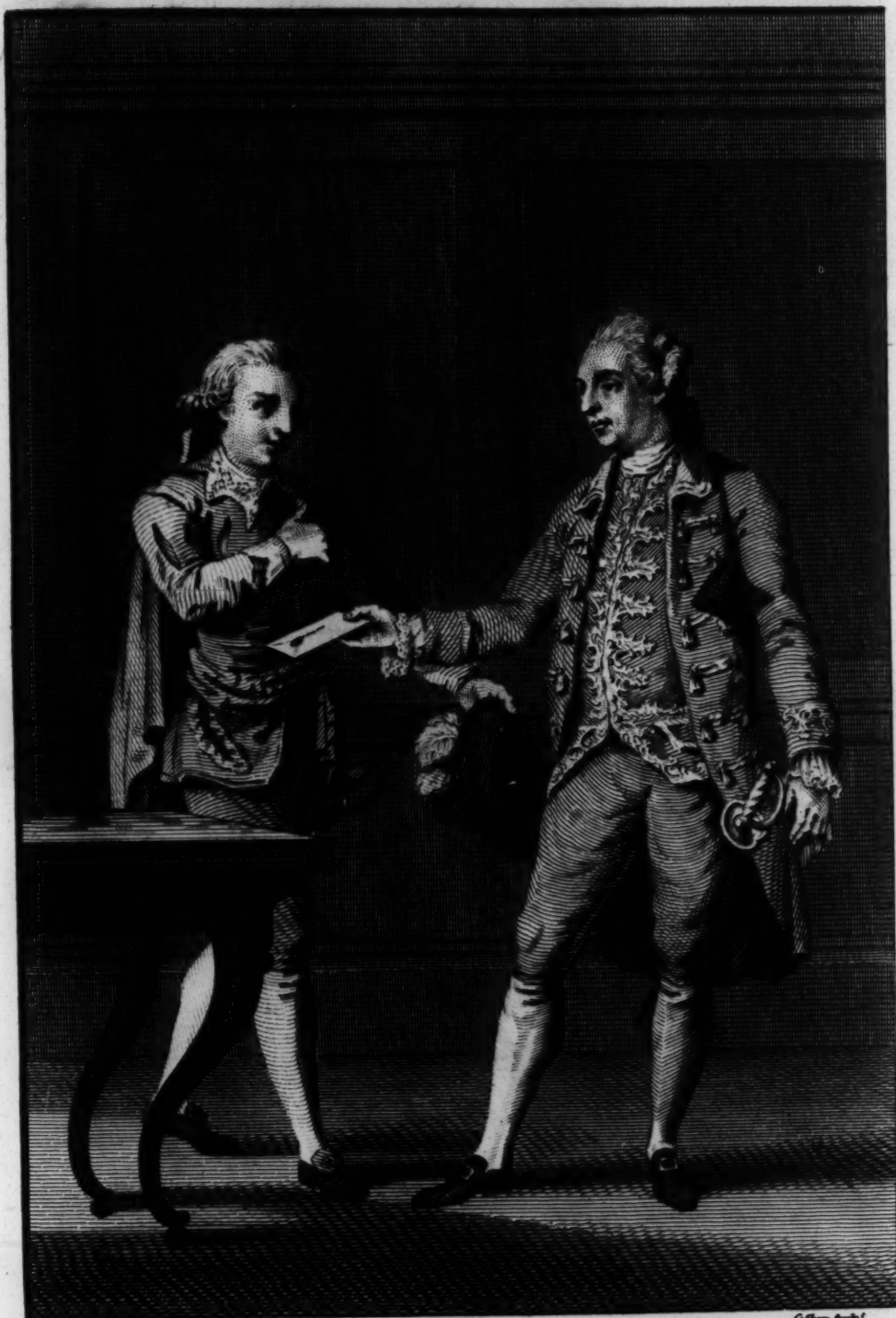
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PARSONS! dame Nature's wonder and delight,  
How hast thou, child of merriment and glee,  
From Garrick's golden days to those we own,  
With tender frame (for many a year assail'd,  
By meagre Asthma's all destroying power)  
Come forward to thy friends, while equal warmth,  
"Of friendly greeting pass'd on either side."  
The while, too evident to all appear'd  
The lurking illness, struggling with the will!  
Oft has thy humble poet, and thy *friend*,  
Mix'd with the gods to join with honest hands,  
Who give no *palm* but where the heart approves.  
—Alas thy place is VACANT! In thy loss,  
The comic muse now owns a loss *indeed*,  
As all in vain the goddess turns around  
For *one* to fill it, with an equal claim  
For *general* acceptance.

---



LOVE MAKES A MAN.



*Barrett del.*

*C. G. sculp.*

*M. DODD in the Character of CLUDIO.*  
*Clo: Will you do me the Favour to carry a Letter to Her?*

*Published Jan<sup>y</sup> 11<sup>th</sup> 1777. by T. Lowndes & Partners.*





*W. Burton in the Character of Heartwell.*



*Marry quotha! I hope in heaven I have  
a greater portion of grace.*

*Act I. Sc 1.*

Published by Harrison & Co April 2. 1781.

*Portrait of a Gentleman*



*Portrait of a Gentleman*

*Portrait of a Gentleman*



Audinet scul







*M<sup>rs</sup> Davenport as Miss Von Frump.*  
*"He shall then see my ultimatum."*





Dodd still the fop of *fashion* wears the bays ;  
 None on the present stage can reach him *there*,  
 In Ague Cheek, the pure comedian view :  
 Away with prejudice, and envy---hence,  
 While *living*,---candour, give him merit here,  
 'Tis nature, genuine nature through the whole !  
 'Tis all the bard e'er meant, or "truth's a *lie*."  
 And could he rise to view the part so fill'd,  
 So ably fill'd, with all that it requires,  
 The venerable shade would smile to see,  
 His muse so honour'd, and descend in peace.

---

BURTON, in humble station, ne'er offends,  
 Burton is modest, there his merit lies ;  
 Burton be modest still, and keep thy friends.

---

WEBB, an actress of merit and surely of weight,  
 Allowed on all hands, of some use to the state.  
 There are some who knew *Clive*, and more who  
     knew *Green*,  
 Both sommon'd by fate, from the varying scene :  
 The varying scene both of *life* and the *stage*,  
 But not till stern time had consign'd them to age.  
 Their parts were long fill'd by this round-about dame,  
 In which she has gather'd some laurels from fame ;  
 Rest her soul, she is gone, not to earth's *narrow* bed,  
 And with her much portion of humour is fled ;  
 For a time she was miss'd until DAVENPORT came,  
 And Davenport justly is favour'd by fame.

---

When well form'd HARLOW's seen in breeches  
 Her dainty leg the eye bewitches,  
 Sure none has seen and none will see  
 Her *Dolly* give a *dish of tea* \*  
 Without a free approving smile  
 Join'd with just share of praise the while.

---

When on the stage there's many own thy merit,  
 In parts which suit thy *temper* and thy *spirit*!  
 That *temper* and that *spirit*, of the stage,  
 Must surely, WALDRON, all good hearts engage.

---

When vulgar manners are pourtrayed to view,  
 Who gives the picture with a touch more true;  
 Than ROBERT PALMER.---But in brilliant scenes  
 Displaying rank, and life, and manners fit,---  
 I've ever wish'd some other in his place.

---

DIGNUM, thou jolly child of pleasing song,  
 I never yet have thought the air too long,  
 When the composer to some plaintive measure,  
 Some added gem to Melancholy's treasure,  
 At once replete with melody and mind,  
 His arduous labours has to thee consign'd.

---

Of pleasing form of tender years  
 In LEAKE another Crouch appears ;  
 And sooth to say the comic muse  
 In Leake another Darling views,

\* In Waldron's, *Heigh ho for a Husband*.





W. G. W. del.

T. S. Engleheart sculp.

MISS PHILLIPS.

OF THE THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.

IN THE CHARACTER OF CLAUDIA, IN THE TRAGEDY OF RIENZI.





In thee too, Powell, from her ebon throne,  
The *tragic muse* a favour'd child shall own.

---

To thee, DE CAMP, to thee belong  
The powers that charm the sportive throng;  
Struck with thy form, thy ease, thy grace,  
The mind which animates thy face:  
Thalia hail'd thee with a smile,  
And bade thee many a heart beguile.  
Bade thee her lively scenes inspire,  
Blend private worth with public merit.  
—Few years are pass'd, since, in the mazy dance,  
We saw thee first a little elfin form,  
Led by the Graces, where thy infant steps,  
And loud applause the early effort crown'd,  
When Richard Cour de Lion's splendid scenes,  
Rush'd on the town and rais'd the artist's fame.  
High in the town's best praise; De Camp first *spoke*,  
While the pleas'd audience hail'd the prattling  
child:

Of this no more—for now the giant fane,  
Rais'd *round* the spot where poor old Drury stood,  
Forbids the shew of baby excellence:  
Now, on its spacious stage, e'en Palmer stuff'd,  
For pond'rous Falstaff, as he rolls along,  
Appears a pigmy form, a pamper'd dwarf,  
To the spectators seated in the *clouds*.

---

Where Palmer shines; a Sheridan can tell,  
 In his own Surface who can play so well?  
 In Wilding--Ranger--Shakspeare's drunken knight,  
 In Bobadil, the swelling braggart wight;  
 In Falstaff--Harry--Richmond---fair renown,  
 The generous meed of a discerning town,  
 Has long been Palmer's; long may it remain;  
 Long may he grace *new Drury's ample plain*,  
 The first of GENERAL ACTORS.

---

But who is this, with lively glance and free;  
 Whose countenance beams mind, and soul, and fire,  
 Whose flexile form and easy frolic air  
 Speak her alliance to the comic muse?  
 'Tis GIBBS, the pretty! GIBBS, by all admir'd.

---

What dulcet strains now float upon the air,  
 And fill extended space? How clear, how full,  
 That swell of harmony; and now how soft,  
 It sinks to tuneful whispers: now again  
 It rises, thrilling to the raptur'd ear:  
 'Tis Milton's *echo* from a CROUCH! how *sweet*!  
 Fair songstrefs, to exalt thy name still more,  
 To place it in the list of first rate worth,  
 A Kelly came, and made thee what thou art.

---

Garrick, when his Jubilee,  
 Join'd by voice and minstrelsy,  
 On old Drury's *well form'd stage*,  
 With the town was all the rage,





MR. PALMER

*In the Character of Jay.*

*Pub. by Vernor & Hood, 31 Poultry 26, Oct 1833.*



BANNISTER, with forceful tone,  
Mellow, deep, and *all his own*,  
Took the lead of all the train  
That fill'd the *serenading* strain :  
Liftening crowds approv'd the while,  
" Lovely beauty deign'd to smile."

'Twas not all the scenic aid,  
Garrick's CYMON that array'd,  
Would have lengthen'd out its day,  
Had not *Merlin* prov'd its stay.

'Twas not all the grand design,  
Which mark'd its numerous scenes divine,  
Cloathing rich " A Christmas Tale,"  
Would have made those scenes prevail :  
Fancy and Louthembourg were vain,  
Compar'd to good *Bonora's* strain.

Long, convivial son of glee,  
Long may health remain with thee.  
Honest Charles will ne'er offend,  
While genuine wit shall own a friend.  
When thy mortal race is run,  
Let men behold thee in a son;  
Born to grace a father's name,  
Take his laurel wreath from Fame;  
Nor shall a fading leaf be seen,  
Departing from its native green.

---

—————When the stroke  
Which all must bend to, met thee in thy noon,



Of rising glory, and well earn'd renown,  
 Impressive HENDERSON—to HARLEY's mind,  
 To Harley, who thy memory reveres,  
 Thy spirit, and thy manner, were transferr'd.

How, in crowds,  
 To view thy Richard, and thy Shylock, press'd  
 Impatient multitudes; while on thy praise,  
 The daily prints contended which should most  
 Exalt thy genius, and extol thy worth.  
 That worth transferr'd; a diff'rent theatre  
 Demands a diff'rent treatment, servile praise  
 Appears no more; and soon in characters  
 Unworthy of thy powers, we saw thee plac'd.  
 But genius will be known, nor daring art,  
 Nor *management* shall crush it; Massinger,  
*Reviv'd*, again presented thee, *thyself restor'd*,  
*Original and brilliant*.—In *Sir Giles*,  
 You gain'd an honest, and an unbought fame;  
 Thine own,—which manager could never give,  
 Thine own,—which manager could ne'er resume,  
 In Jephson's fine-wrought tale, from Walpole's  
 mould,

The poet's strains were dignified by thee.  
 In Whitehead's Roman Father, "last, not least,"  
 Impressive Henderson, you greatly shone!  
 Beyond your strength, you *felt* a patriot zeal,  
 And gain'd from Fame, a palm—from Fate, a *death*!



LONDON. Published for the Proprietors of the *European Magazine* by the Executors of the late J. Asperne 32 Cornhill 2<sup>d</sup> April 1821.

*M. J. P. Harley*  
*of the*  
*Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.*

*Engraved by J. Thomson from an original painting by S. Drummond Esq ARA.*

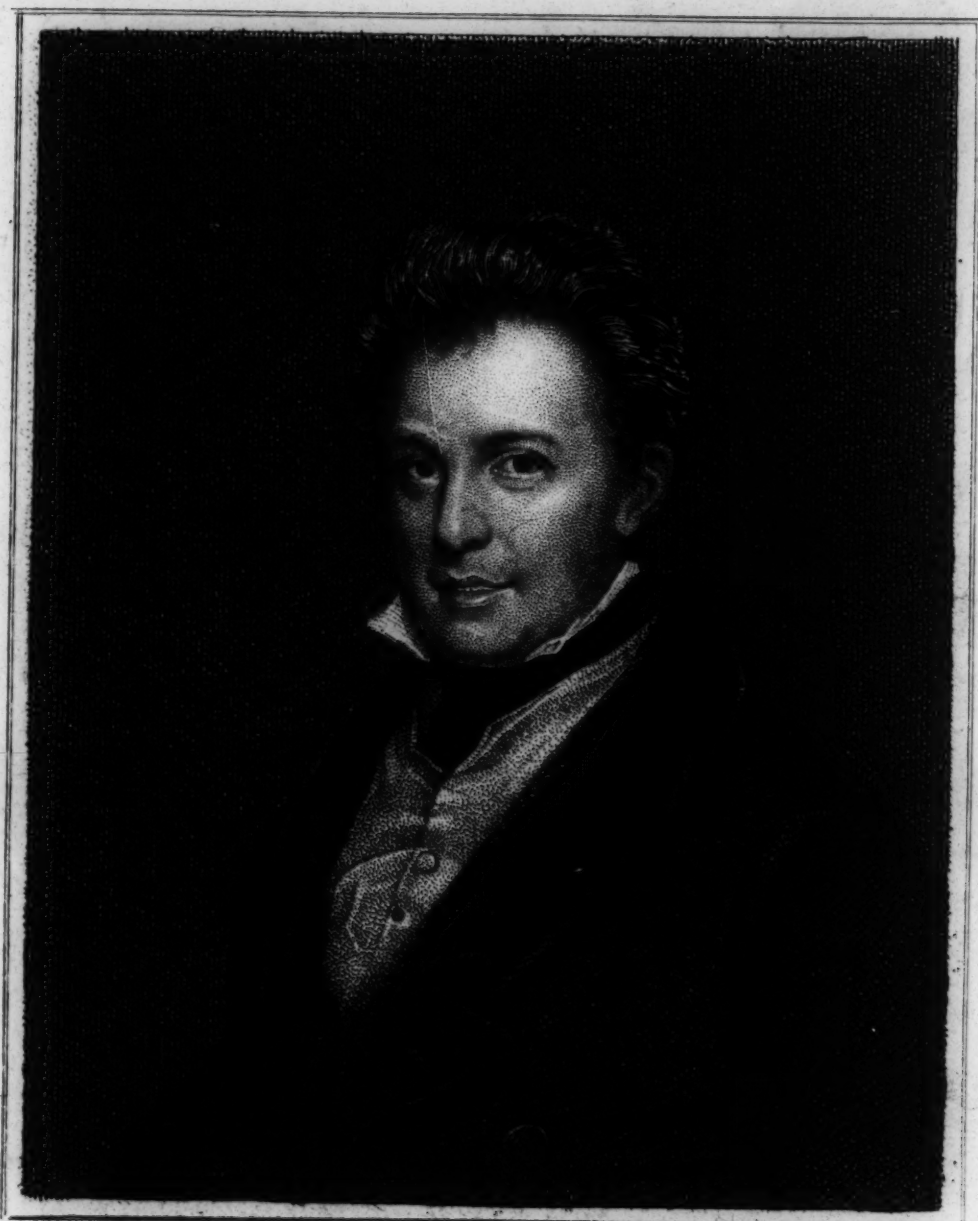


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Engraved by J. Thomson from an original painting by S. Drummond Esq. A.R.A.







*Worsdale pinx.*

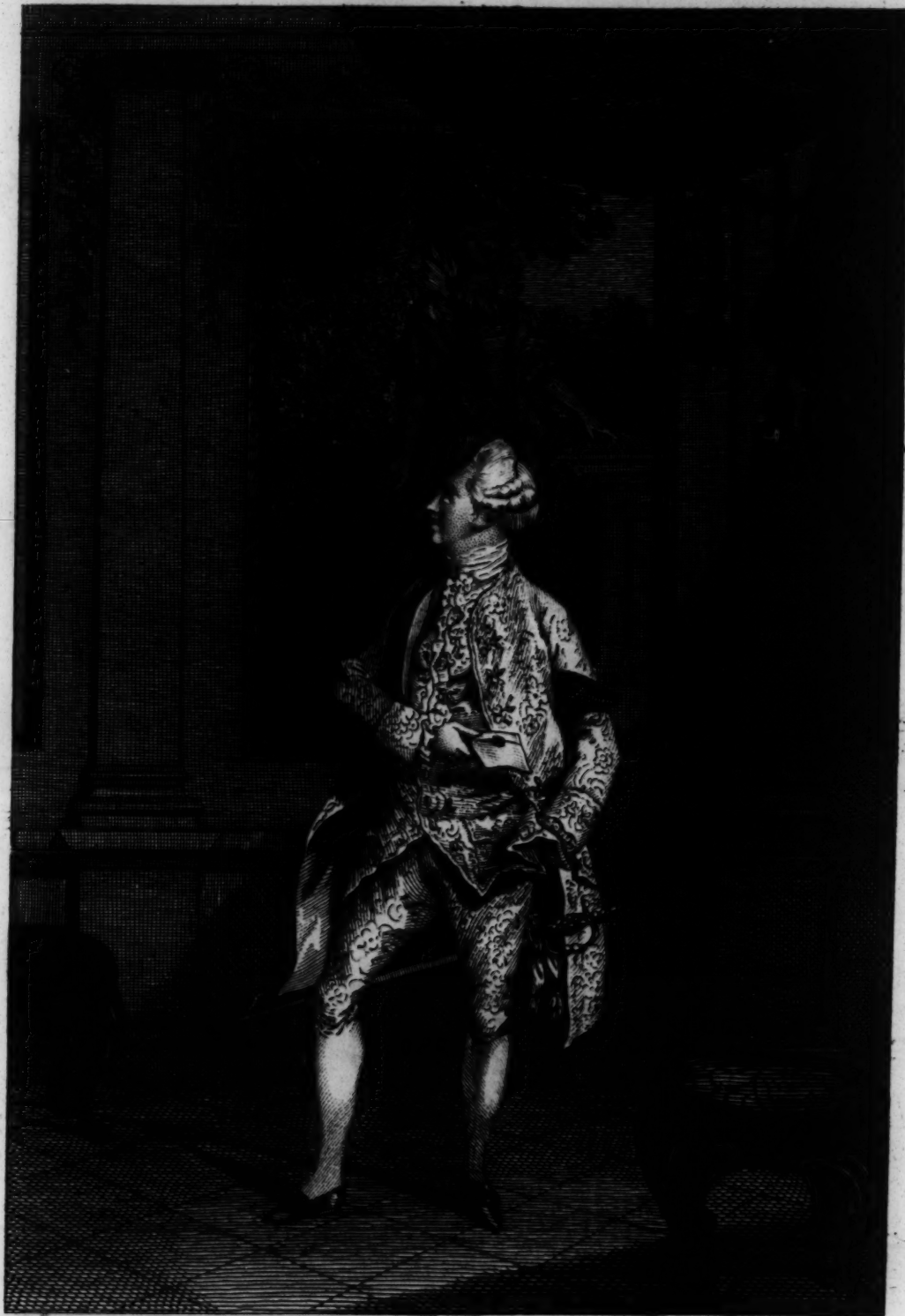
*Evans sculp.*

*Published by Mathews & Leigh, Nov. 1808.*





# CONSTANT COUPLE.



*Dodd del.*

*Goldar sculp.*

*MR<sup>S</sup> BARRY as SIR HARRY WILDAIR.*

*— I death I'm afraid I've mistaken the House*

*Published May 17. 1777. by J Lowndes & partners. Act II, Sc. 2.*









*MR. HOLMAN,*

*by James Heath from an Enamel by Bone, painted in the year*

*Published July 1<sup>st</sup> 1812, by J.P. Thompson, Newport Street, London.*





HARLEY, thy pupil, one day will receive  
His right, his *honest right*; from Chance or Time  
The unassuming actor's only hope.

---

Yes, sense and feeling, hail'd the wish'd return  
Of POPE, too long an alien to the stage,  
Where Southern's fable chief insur'd his fame.

—————When, in tears,  
Evander trembling, doubting, clasps his child,  
His lov'd Euphrasia: and when more assur'd,  
That child, the paragon of daughters stands,  
In filial trembling hope, before her father;  
Just as when Nature, "breaking its own laws,"  
Completes the task which renovates his frame.  
How all the father rests upon his look;  
How accent, manner, action, all confess  
The parent, such as nature and the muse  
Would wish it pictur'd, ere upon the boards  
The poet's labours sought the public voice.  
---Ere *Barry's*; wife and husband---father---child,  
One in the *pictur'd*, one the *real* stage,  
With kindred genius, equal to pourtray  
The Muse's boldest flights—adorn'd the scene,  
By *Murphy* rais'd, to whom the British stage,  
Must ever own a debt of gratitude.

---

HOLMAN, in fair department, and in mind,  
Nature hath not been niggard in her gifts:  
Then do not thou, ungrateful, slight her laws:



So shall thy author flow distinct and clear ;  
The broken sentence---Art's detested trick,  
No more be heard.---In Romeo's stol'n farewell.  
With gentle love-fick Juliet---ne'er again,  
Where all should be in whisper soft and low,  
Mild and harmonious, as fair love itself,  
Shall Judgment's ear be startled with a rant,  
More suited to the tyrant Bagazet.  
In his last rage, or cruel Richard, thine,  
When calling Richmond forth to meet thy sword ;  
Then to the lovers plaint, all trembling, sad,  
All anxious for its much lov'd objects peace ;  
Endanger'd by the midnight interview,  
For which she quits the couch of soft repose,  
To breathe in still response her maiden vows.  
In Drury's wid'ned amphitheatre,  
In scenes like these, where sound must be convey'd,  
To the far distant crowd in gallery rows,  
Propriety is outrag'd. Those below,  
(Plac'd at just distance, in the neighbouring pit,)  
Behold the Roman traitor steal toward  
The couch of sleeping gentle Imogen,  
As fearful every step might wake the fair.  
Behold him view the chamber, and, at length,  
Note on her bosom, the "cinque spotted" mole :  
Then, hear him tell his villainous intent,  
In tones high rais'd, discordant, and unfit,  
To gods assembled in their lofty seats!—  
Drury, thy vast and tow'ring space has prov'd

Act IV.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.



De Wilde pinx.

Sutcliffe sc.

*MR QUICK as TONY LUMPKIN.*

*There's an M, and a T, and an S, but whether  
the next be an Izzard or an R, confound me, I  
cannot tell.*











The builder's triumph, but the actor's bane.  
 On thy broad boards, the whistling winds aroun'd,  
 Annoy the shiv'ring hero, as he moves,  
 And *chatters* o'er his lesson, numb'd by cold  
 Intense, and hurtful to his powers and frame.  
 Triumph ye dancing, and ye dumb-shew tribe,  
 Where the light *heel*, a stranger to the HEAD,  
 Hath now brave footing, for its mazy rounds.  
 Ye *bulls*, ye *bears*, rejoice!—Ye *chargers* thrive,  
 Thrive in your *stalls theatric*, pamper'd high,  
 For grand and glittering spectacles to come.

---

Fav'rite of Momus, "laughter loving god,"  
*The prince of low comedians*, QUICK, to thee,  
 Now Parson's is no more, Thalia turns,  
 To do her *ample* right,—nor turns in vain.

---

And SUETT, thou, by industry shall gain  
 A solid footing in the town's esteem.

---

Necessity, thy call is ever heard  
 By ready BENSON :---ever at a pinch,  
 Thou fidgetting and hurrying dame, we view  
 Thy servant at thy beck; correct and well:  
*Least as well as may be for the time*  
 Allotted for the task by thee decreed.  
 To night O'Keefe's RED LION claims his aid,  
 And, *dash my buttons*, he's the landlord there.  
 To-morrow, Colman's *rags* are to be worn,



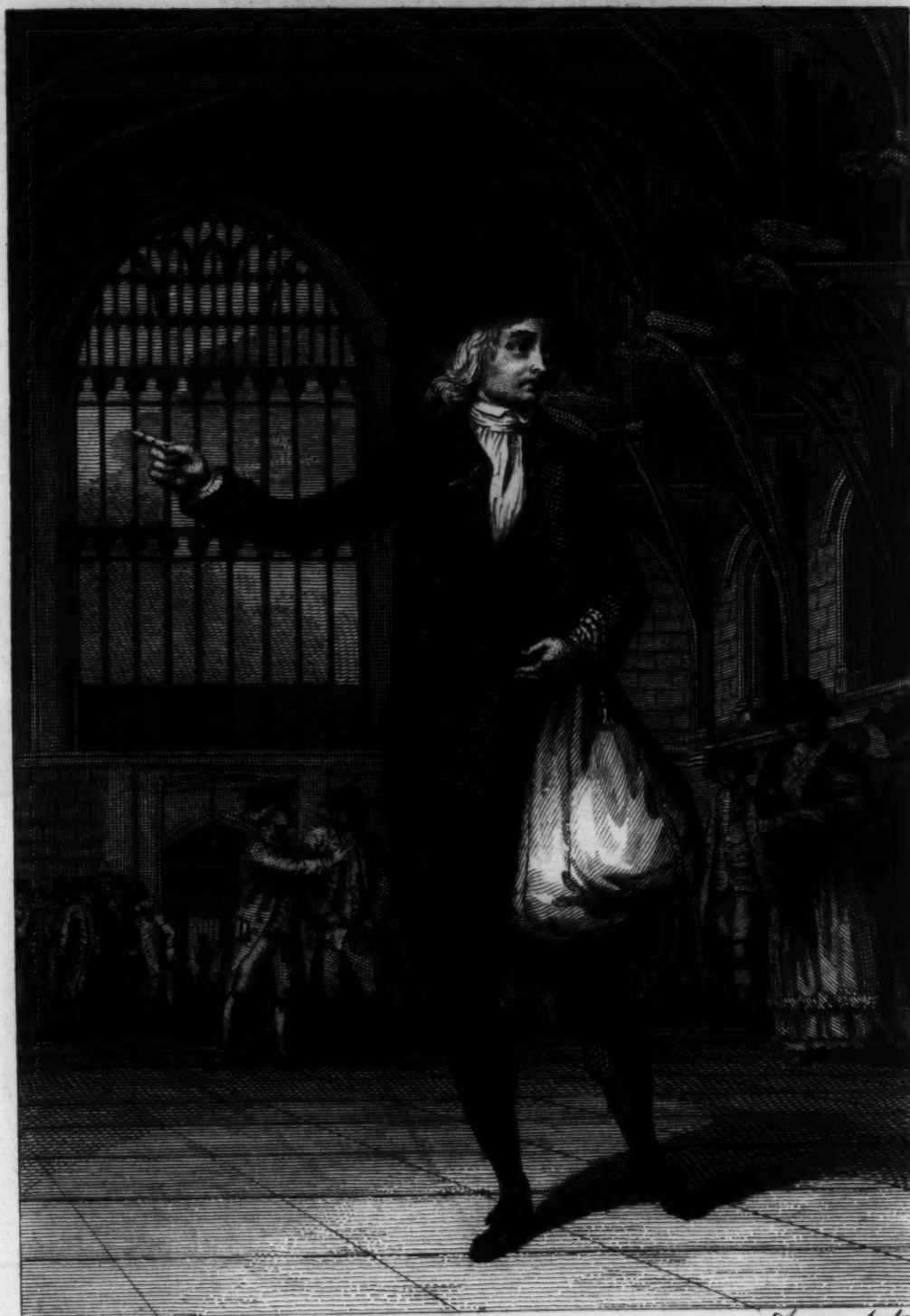
And mad Octavio, *plump* and pale, appears,  
And rants, and storms, and frets, as mad-man should.  
While, if not *Kemble*, he is *Benson still*,  
A man of noble daring, and *some* worth.

---

When EDWIN, child of Error, dearly paid  
For every rumour'd, every real fault,  
And press'd, untimely press'd---the lap of earth,  
MUNDEN came forward, to supply his place.  
But Edwin had a *manner* that defied,  
The imitator's utmost skill to reach :  
A *manner* buried with him in his grave ;  
A *manner* ne'er to be reviv'd again !  
This Munden knew, and from his own conceit  
Produc'd *his* *Jemmy Jumps*---the bold attempt  
Succeeded to his wish, and gain'd the town.  
In Darby next he ventur'd ; here *again*  
The outline was his own, and prov'd a skill :  
But merit more important is his boast :  
Not to the light burletta is confin'd  
Those powers which now enrich the higher scenes  
Of sterling comedy. In Grey-beards, there,  
In dress, in look, decrepitude and speech,  
He moves, and seems indeed *the man of age*.  
For *dressing* CHARACTER he bears a name,  
Nor will it be forgotten, or put by,---  
The *Munden cut*, when Munden's day is past.

---

*PLAIN DEALER.*



*Ragley ad vivum del*

*Angus Sculp*

*Published, 1<sup>st</sup> Nov. 1786 by W. Lowndes.*





Act 1.

THE BUSY BODY.



De Wilde ad viv. pinx.

Wray sculp.

MR. MUNDEN as SIR FRANCIS GRIPE.

Well, Sir George, ha! ha! ha! take the last sound  
of your Guineas, ha! ha! ha! (chinks 'em)





*Act I.*

**JOVIAL CREW.**

*Scene 3.*



*J. Roberts del.*

*Published for Bell & Bright, Theatre May 10<sup>th</sup> 1791.*

*Therodorus Sculp.*

*MISS CATLEY in the Character of RACHEL.  
I mean, stark, errant, downright Beggars.*





When through thy winding shades, (Vauxhall) was  
heard

The tones of INCLEDON, harmonious, clear ;  
Filling thy sportive and enchanting realms  
With melody unheard before, or known :  
Assembled crowds in loud encore proclaim'd  
The songster's triumph, and the hearer's taste.  
Remov'd from thence, some seasons now are past,  
Since on a winter stage, the public own'd,  
In him, the head of all its tuneful train.

---

Sportive, playful, arch, and free,  
Lovely MARTYR, hail to thee !  
Catley's pupil---Catley's boast ;  
Catley, in herself an host,  
Watch'd and taught thy infant powers,  
Gave thee to the laughing Hours,  
Led thee, full of youth and glee,  
To the blythe Euphrosyne,  
Then from Fancy's realms retiring,  
With her genius all inspiring,  
To thee resign'd the vacant throne,  
In Thumb's fam'd drama, now thine own.

---

Long in Comedy's paths, but not too long I ween,  
Sprightly POPE has embellish'd the varying scene.  
In Thalias bright train she is justly renown'd,  
And with laurels unfading, by Fame has been crown'd.

---



For nature, variety, judgment, and ease,  
 Her namesake (once YOUNG) is sure ever to please.  
 To night with Thalia, all gay she appears,  
 With Melpomene next she's dissolved in tears ;  
 To which muse she inclines---it is hard to set down,  
 In the service of either she's priz'd by the town.

---

In Rustic's poor BLANCHARD long held a first place,  
 'Twas Nature's own work, unally'd to Grimace,  
 When his voice was attun'd to a pastoral lay,  
 He sent all his hearers in raptures away:  
 Ah! well is he remember'd, as blythe as blythe  
                                   might be, [the lea."  
 Nor lost his " little plough-boy, who whistl'd o'er

---

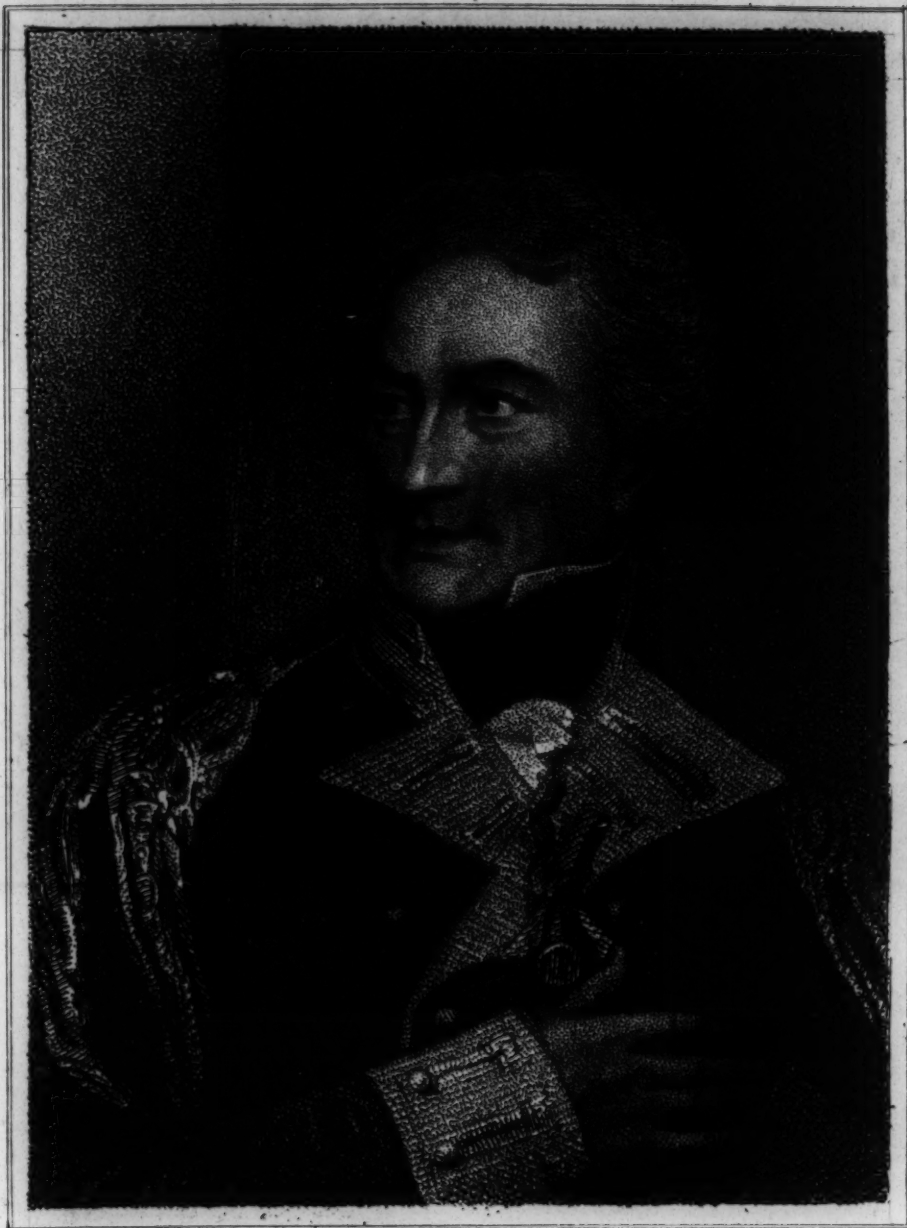
Of manners unassuming, in TOM'S\* place  
 The modest TOWNSHEND comes ; nor less esteem'd  
 Within the private circle of his friends,  
 Than in his public station---where he holds,  
 (By industry obtain'd) a middle place.

---

" In Tully, by Jasus, that wag of a tref,  
 " Och JOHNSTONE, my honey, you're priz'd by  
                                   O'Keefe !

" Och, wonder of sweet little Ireland, come back,  
 " A vast, great, big, fortune, is yours in a crack."  
 This spoke an Hibernian in Haymarket pit,  
 In Colman's neat temple of whim and of wit ;  
 To Paddy O'Blunders, through all their variety,  
 By comedy mark'd with each strange contrariety,

\* BLANCHARD:



T. Wageman, fecit.

MR JOHNSTONE,  
AS MAJOR O'FLAHERTY.







D. Wild: sculpsit. Long: fecit.

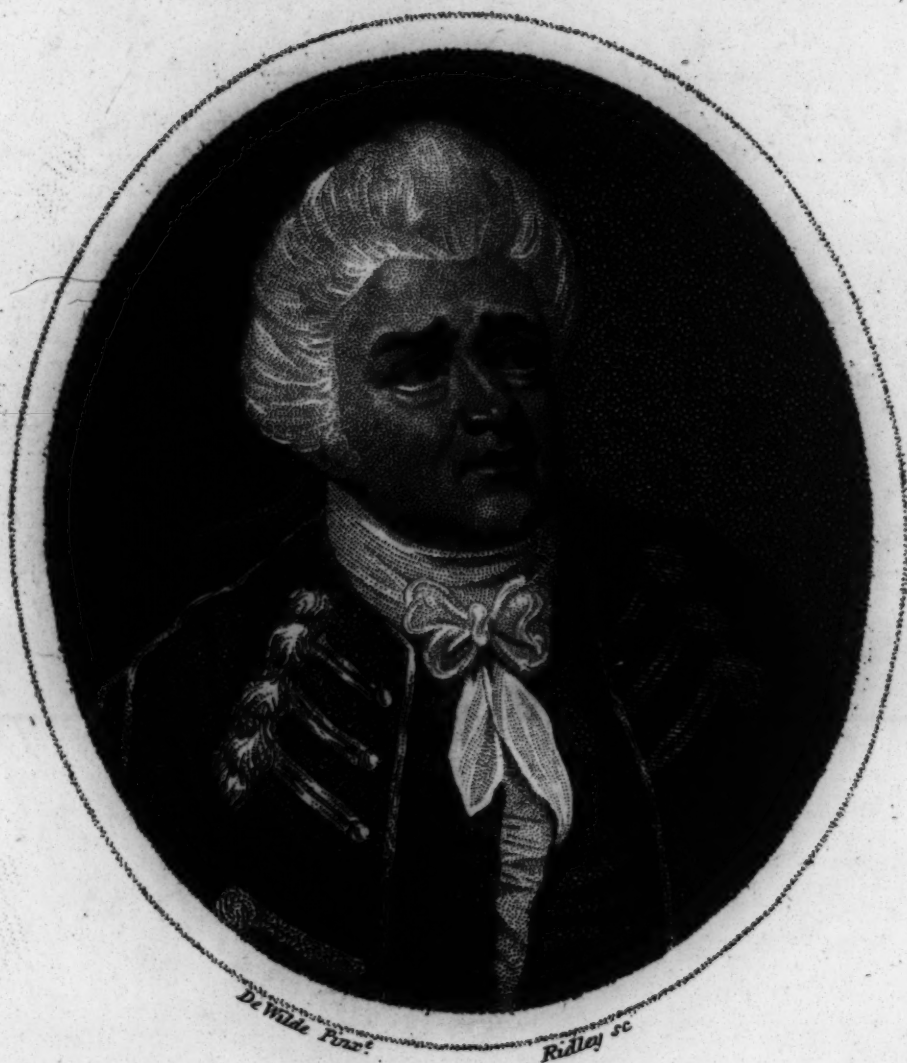
MR. GOODALL as SIR HARRY WILDAIR.

*Oh, the delights of love and burgundy!*

London. Printed for J. Bell British Library, 8 vol. 1, June 21792.





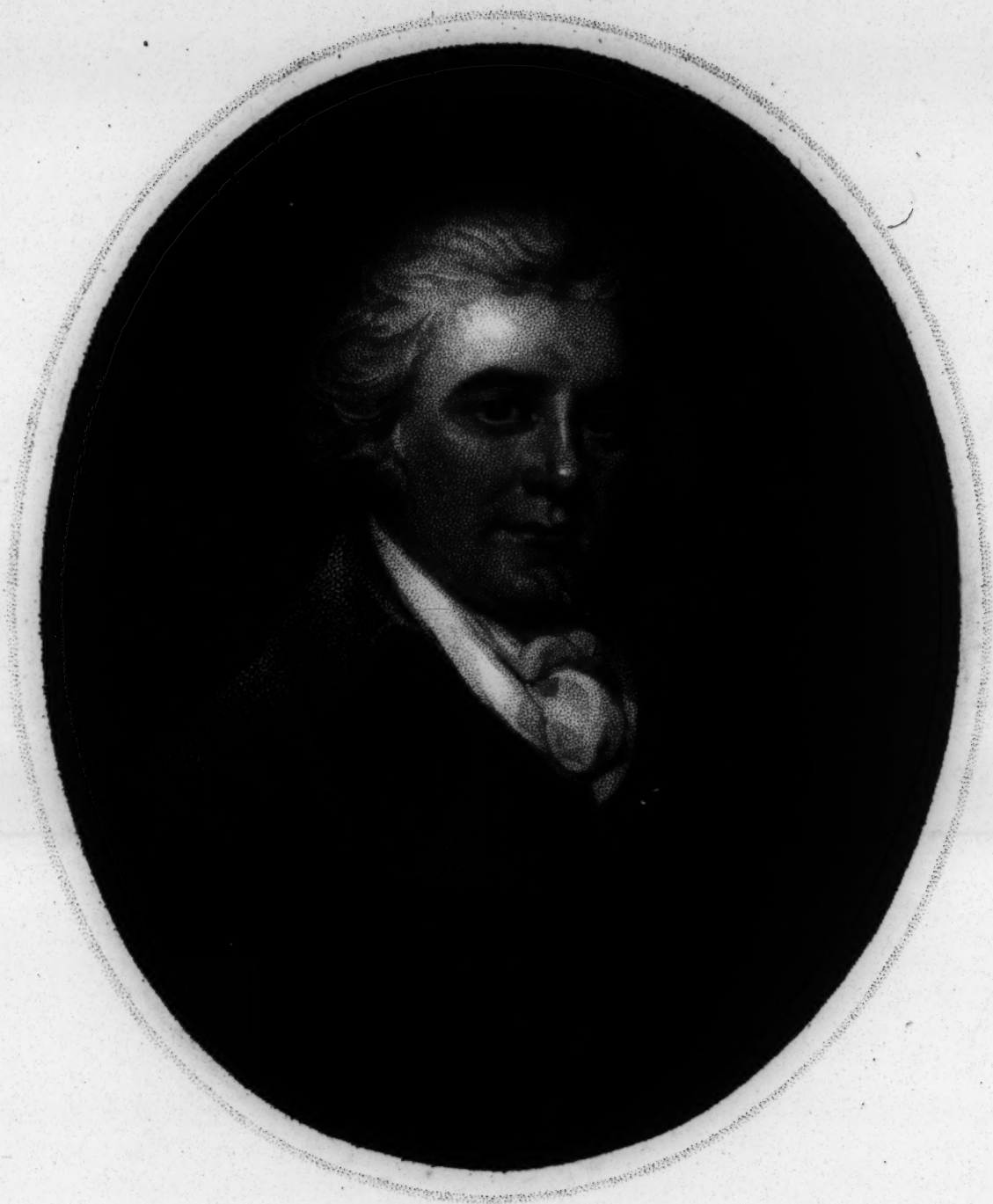


*Mr. Rock,*  
*In the Character of Murlock Delaney.*

*Pub. by Vernor & Hood, Poultry, 31 May, 1805.*







*M<sup>RS</sup> BARRYMORE.*

*Engraved by Benj<sup>n</sup> Smith, from a Picture by Tho<sup>s</sup> Hardy.*





The genius of Johnstone is no way confin'd,  
His *Inkle* may vouch for the force of his mind,

---

When elegant GOODALL, by nature adorn'd  
With a figure as graceful as ever was form'd,  
From her manager's BATTLE OF HEXHAM retir'd,  
It prov'd how an aid like *her own* was requir'd.  
When a Farren is absent—with spirit and grace,  
Who like Goodall can fill up that fav'rite's place?

---

“WHITFIELD'S appearance speaks him what he is,  
The *gentleman* both *on* and *off* the stage.”  
Thus spoke the man who venerates his worth,  
And thus the page receives it.

---

Where is ROCK, BERNARD, DAVIS? why lost to a  
stage,

In which we have seen them attention engage?  
The critic's attention, in parts not a few,  
And heard the loud plaudit, so justly their due.  
CUBITT, too! he is off; without wherefore, or why?  
Rogue GIBBET gone with him, and no *bue* and cry.

---

First in Opera trifles a BARRYMORE mov'd,  
In Meadows, in Aimworth, and others, approv'd.  
But soon in a walk more important he's seen;  
Engag'd in the cause of the Tragedy Queen:  
With rapid improvement, his way he pursu'd,  
By Industry favour'd, with Genius endu'd.

---



---

## SCENERY.

---

WHO, when the garden, and the palace, claim  
 Their breathing statues, who can paint like thee  
 Impressive tasteful SMIRKE?---How grand, how vast  
 Thy curtain of new Drury, in design,  
 Judicious MALTON ! Thy receding scene,  
 Of architectural beauty so deceives,  
 The eye of Admiration, that we ask---  
 "Is this majestic view, *unreal* ALL?  
 The rising column, and the stately arch  
 Can ne'er be pictur'd *thus* ! 'tis not in art"---  
 -----Yes, 'tis in art---For see, the gathering wind  
 Gives motion to the canvas !  
 The Loves and Graces crowd the cheerful stage;  
 And hark ! the distant bells, in lively chime,  
 Fling to the echoing space their pleasing sound !  
 The rural village is the subject now,  
 Where GREENWOOD's pastoral beauties are pour-  
 tray'd.

Nature looks on, with wonder and delight,  
 Views her own scenes by art so curious wrought,  
 Views her tall poplars, waving to the wind,  
 Her drooping willows kiss the lucid stream.---  
 And now, the voice of mirth is heard no more,  
 The lively chime, and village revels, change  
 To the drear church-yard, and the solemn knell !  
 The while the silver moon beam, o'er the stream,  
 Which skirts its mournful borders trembling darts,

And partial rests upon the pictur'd urn,  
Placed, by the artist's cunning hand, beside  
The pensive yew tree; whose funeral leaves  
Reflect their shadow on its marble base,  
And make its polish'd whiteness, still more white!  
What sounds enchant, whose plaintive measure steals  
Upon my calm mind, soften'd by the view,  
Dear to the pensive muse, and dear to me?  
Now its soft strains in distance die away,  
And now again advancing, float in air;  
Assist the scene where Imitation reigns,  
And from fair Nature's self the palm receives  
For truth, conception, freedom, power, and mind.

MIND, without thee the painter's touch, how vain!  
What is the fine drawn tree, its foliage such,  
So closely copied, that the nicest eye  
Can no where find a fault? 'Tis *mind* alone,  
In Fancy's landscape, that must fix its place.  
What is high finishing, and objects true  
As hand can form, or nicest skill produce,  
If these are all the painter has to boast,  
To whom a taste in *blending* is denied?  
'Tis a vain knowledge, and a flimsy boast,  
The *real artist's* jest, and Nature's scorn.  
—Walmsley, in all their pictur'd force displays,  
Thy interesting prospects to our view,  
Majestic Wales, where poets love to roam,  
And catch a thought, as silence reigns around!  
While mountain, dale, and stream enchant the eye,  
And sooth to harmony the raptur'd soul.



---

## THE FAIR UNFORTUNATE.

---

Unhappy sex, who only claim,  
A being in the breath of Fame.

---

MOORE.

Unhappy sex indeed! whom ruin waits,  
As, unprotected and exposed by Fate,  
You mourn a father, or a guardian lost!  
Denied the means to gain your honest bread,  
And deck'd with dangerous beauty, soon to fade  
Beneath the spoiler's desolating power!

The third act over—how the lobby fills!  
Ah! times are chang'd, and simple manners fled.  
Ere rural scenes, our fathers boast and pride,  
Were visited by mattock, or by spade,  
And all their charms upturn, *small* houses serv'd,  
In *Goodman's Fields*: few sat in box or pit:  
The last confin'd to *gents* and *critics* sage,  
The other to more elevated rank;  
Except in upper tier, there sat the punk  
In tinsell'd frippery, to watch her trade:  
A stranger then, to *ice*, or dainty *tea*,  
Or blooming *peach*, or *nectarine*, or *plum*,  
Or ready messenger, in Betty, Jane,  
Who now in lobby wait their lady's beck,  
To execute her will: perhaps to watch  
Some cully's motions, who, from shop set free,  
In boot, and ribbon'd knee, and whiten'd pate,

Stands all the artful fair one asks, till pent  
In loathsome cell, she leaves him to his fate,  
Her own abhorred work, and seeks another.  
But few it is, compar'd, who know their trade.  
No; art is *man's*, and *woman* falls its victim!  
By nature lovely, guileless, innocent,  
They know not to deceive till dearly taught.

Revenge and desperation, urg'd by wrongs,  
And fix'd by hard misfortune, oft impel  
Their trembling steps to scenes the foul condemns.

The little Emily, twelve summers past,  
With pewter pots across her shoulder slung,  
In fam'd King's-Place, was seen by —— queen,  
Of all the monstrous herd who watch the hour,  
To entrap the *child*, to hoary dotard doom'd.  
A titled scoundrel gave the heavy purse,  
And Emily was rais'd to *life* and *style*.  
Soon in her lofty car she roll'd along,  
With rein and whip in hand, in fam'd Hyde-Park,  
And shone a brilliant star, how soon to fall!  
Imprudence prov'd her bane; while Jealousy,  
Dissolv'd the chain by which his *Grace* was held,  
And Emily was thrown upon the town.  
By turns the different theatres she plied,  
And often pennyless and sad returned,  
To think on days of *happier* indigence,  
The paths of vice untried!  
Now in sad plight she drags from door to door,  
“All sickly, pale, and wan,” and asks for bread,



With sorrowing, pleading look, and piteous tone,  
In Mary'bone fam'd streets, for *frail* and *fair*.  
There many a heart is open to her tale;  
While many a lost one, with exploring eye,  
Hear's "Sister think on me and heaven befriend,"  
Pronounc'd from death-ting'd lips, and inward  
groans.

Oh! who can view the lobby's crowded space,  
View the vile spendthrift *Lounger* as he prowls,  
From nymph to nymph, with "bold unblushing  
front,"

And broad insulting tongue, and *calmly view*?  
With hat enormous, deck'd with fierce cockade,  
The shameless youth with strutting gait appears:  
"Who is he?" Observation curious cries;  
"A prentic'd haberdasher," Truth rejoins.  
Pursue his steps awhile—convenient Nan,  
Who deals in fruit it seems, but more in flesh,  
Informs him how his fair, in prison clos'd,  
Requests his aid to free her. Silken purse,  
Fresh taken from the shop, is now drawn forth,  
And on Nan's palm the golden guinea gleams,  
From Till purloin'd—as yet a petty theft,  
*To-morrow* something more is promis'd: Nan,  
Now follows to his box, and hands her ware,  
(Knowing her spark) to *Miss*, or MISTRESS, nigh.  
His latest hour exhausted, home he skulks,  
And meditates a deed of darkness there;  
A deed, perhaps, his *deepest* and his *last*.

Think not this painting overcharg'd, thou Cit,  
Who loiterest at thy VILL▲ past the day,  
Appointed that of leisure and repose :  
Give not the fatal *opportunity*  
To him whose morals you have sworn to guard,  
To drag a ruin on himself and thee.

FINIS.

---

*At a future period it is the intention of the Author of THE  
LONDON THEATRES to resume the subject.*

E









